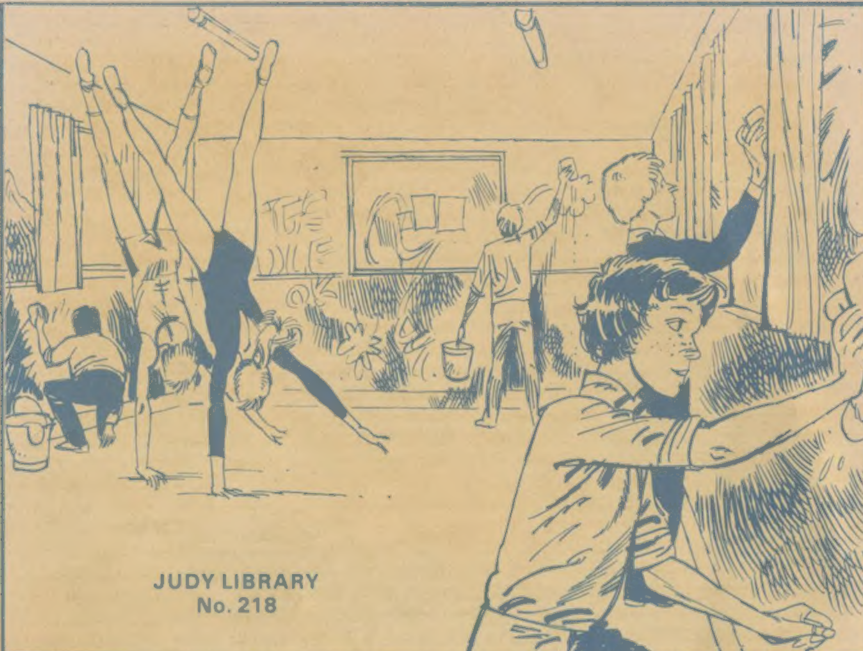
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No 218

BUNTY

PICTURE STORY LIBRARY FOR GIRLS





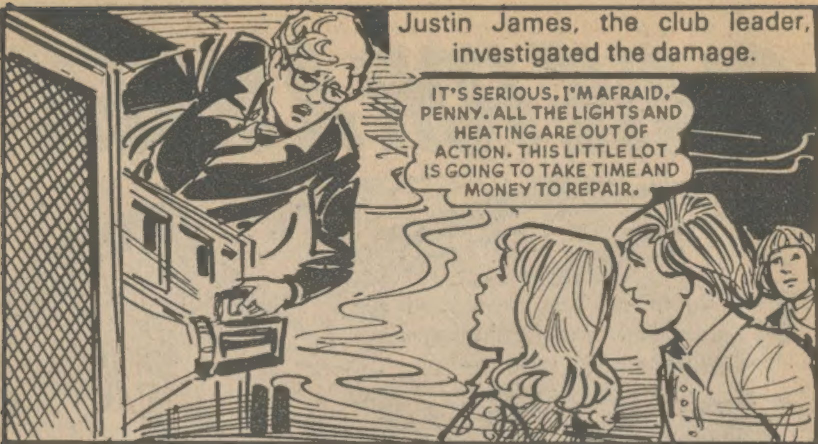
The fight to save a gym club is on! Battle Road Gym Club must produce a pair of champions. Despite vandalism in the club, Fay Smith and Dave Jones practise hard together—though they are family rivals!

NO PEACE IN BATTLE ROAD

IT'S IN THE SHOPS TODAY!

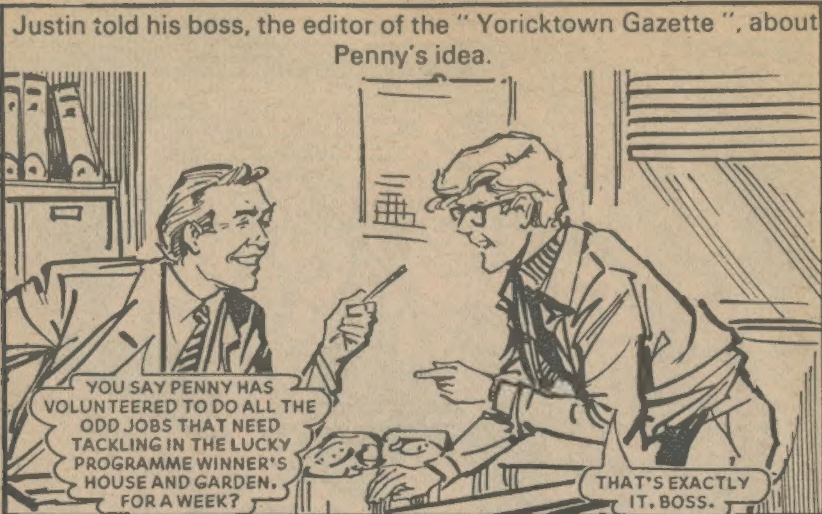
SLAVE FOR A WEEK




Justin James, the club leader, investigated the damage.
IT'S SERIOUS, I'M AFRAID, PENNY. ALL THE LIGHTS AND HEATING ARE OUT OF ACTION. THIS LITTLE LOT IS GOING TO TAKE TIME AND MONEY TO REPAIR.


Disappointed, the youngsters left the now dark and chilly hall.
I DARESAY I COULD PERSUADE DADDY TO SEND HIS MEN ROUND TO DO THE REPAIR WORK FOR FREE—IF HE COULD BE SURE THE STORY WOULD BE PUBLISHED IN THAT LOCAL RAG YOU WORK FOR, JUSTIN.
HUH, THAT'S A TYPICAL HELENA HAYWARD SUGGESTION. SHE'S ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR WAYS TO GET CHEAP PUBLICITY FOR HER FATHER'S FIRM, HAYWARD ELECTRICS!


Penny Wise decided to make a suggestion.
WHAT D'YOU SAY, FOLKS? WOULDN'T IT BE MORE FUN TO RAISE THE REPAIR MONEY OURSELVES?
HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING IN MIND, THEN?
SURE I HAVE! LET'S HOLD A FUN DISPLAY, SHOWING EVERYONE THE SPORTS AND ACTIVITIES WE GET INVOLVED IN AS CLUB MEMBERS— AND SELL LUCKY NUMBER PROGRAMMES. THE PERSON WITH THE WINNING PROGRAMME WILL GET A SPECIAL PRIZE—I KNOW— I'LL AGREE TO BE HIS OR HER SLAVE FOR A WEEK!


Justin told his boss, the editor of the " Yoricktown Gazette ", about Penny's idea.
YOU SAY PENNY HAS VOLUNTEERED TO DO ALL THE ODD JOBS THAT NEED TACKLING IN THE LUCKY PROGRAMME WINNER'S HOUSE AND GARDEN. FOR A WEEK?
THAT'S EXACTLY IT, BOSS.


The programmes were soon selling like hot cakes.
YORICKTOWN YOUTH CLUB
I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE FOR A WEEK
DO YOU MEAN THAT, IF I WON, YOUR FRIEND PENNY WOULD TAKE THESE TWO YOUNG TERRORS OFF MY HANDS FOR AN HOUR OR SO EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK? GIVE ME FIFTY PENCE WORTH OF PROGRAMMES THEN—PLEASE!

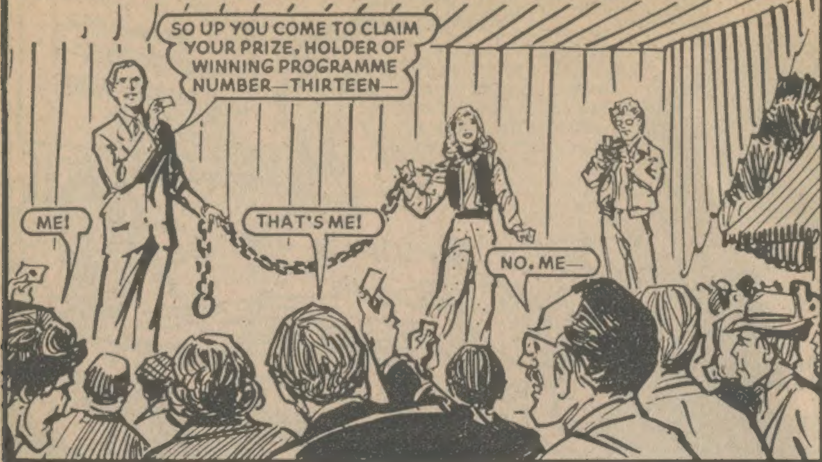


HAYWARD HOME ELECTRIC
I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE HELENA SELLING LUCKY PROGRAMMES.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T APPROVE OF PENNY'S FUND RAISING NOTION, HELENA?
FRANKLY, I DON'T.
WHICH IS WHY I'VE DECIDED TO SABOTAGE IT.


YOU SEE, I HELPED JUSTIN TO HAND-STAMP THE NUMBERS ON THE PROGRAMMES—AND WHEN HE ACCIDENTALLY LET SLIP THE FACT THAT HE'D CHOSEN THIRTEEN AS THE LUCKY NUMBER, I SECRETLY HAND-STAMPED AN EXTRA FOUR "WINNERS." I'M GOING TO ENJOY WATCHING THE FUR FLY, WHEN OUR GIRL WITH THE BRIGHT IDEAS TRIES TO TALK HER WAY OUT OF THAT!
The Youth Club's Fun Display was a great success.
OLD ERNIE POTTS HASN'T A HOPE OF WINNING THAT POUND NOTE PRIZE, HAS HE?
NO, BUT IT'S FUN TO WATCH HIM TRY!


PENNY EXPECTS ALL OF US TO MAKE FOOLS OF OURSELVES. THANKS TO HER, THIS IS MORE LIKE A FAIRGROUND FREAK SHOW, THAN A DISPLAY—
CINDY IS OUR STAR SWIMMER! HIT THE TARGET — AND WATCH HER "DIVE"!
JUST WAIT TILL THE LUCKY PROGRAMME NUMBER IS ANNOUNCED, THOUGH. THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE BIGGEST FOOL OF ALL!
The SILENT DISCO DANCING CHAMPION-SHIPS

Justin's boss had agreed to announce the winning number.






I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE'S WANGLED IT—BUT I BET HELENA'S DONE THIS DELIBERATELY!
NO—THERE'LL BE NO NEED FOR ANY REFUNDS—BECAUSE I SHALL FULFIL MY PART OF THE BARGAIN. I'VE DECIDED TO WORK FOR ALL FIVE WINNERS DURING MY WEEK OF "SLAVERY"—
HOORAY, HOORAY!
WHAT A GIRL!
WHAT A STORY!

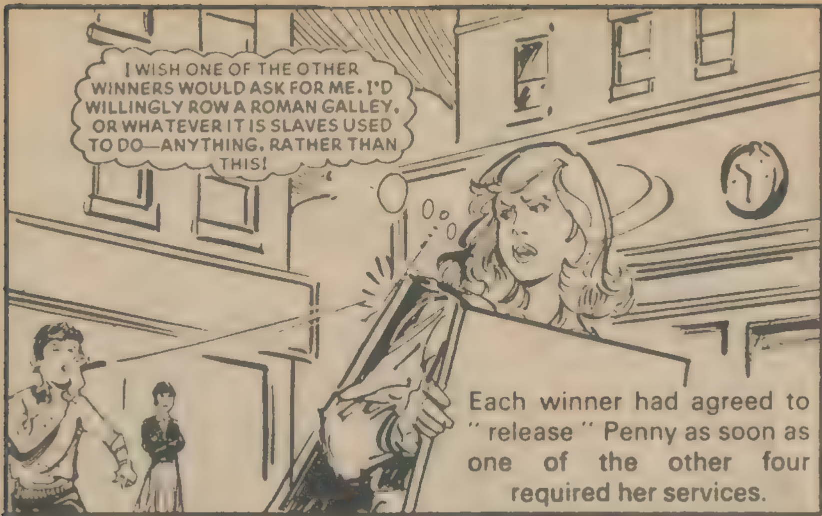

WHAT A CA TASTROPHE! WHAT ON EARTH HAVE I LET MYSELF IN FOR?
10


Penny's week of " slavery " got off to an early start!
SIX THIRTY IN THE MORNING? WHO CAN BE KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR, AT THIS HOUR?
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN DOWNSTAIRS, DEAR. HE SEEMS TO THINK YOU'VE AGREED TO DO SOME WORK FOR HIM.
OH-OH. I BET I CAN GUESS WHO THAT IS, MUM!



YES, IT'S HELENA'S FATHER AND I BET I CAN GUESS WHO PERSUADED HIM TO COME THIS EARLY, TOO!
What did come as a surprise to Penny, however, was the task that Hayward had set for her.
HONESTLY, I FEEL SUCH A LEMON!
DONT BE A SLAVE TO POOR SOUND-BUY YOUR STEREO EQUIPMENT FROM HAYWARD ELECTRICS.

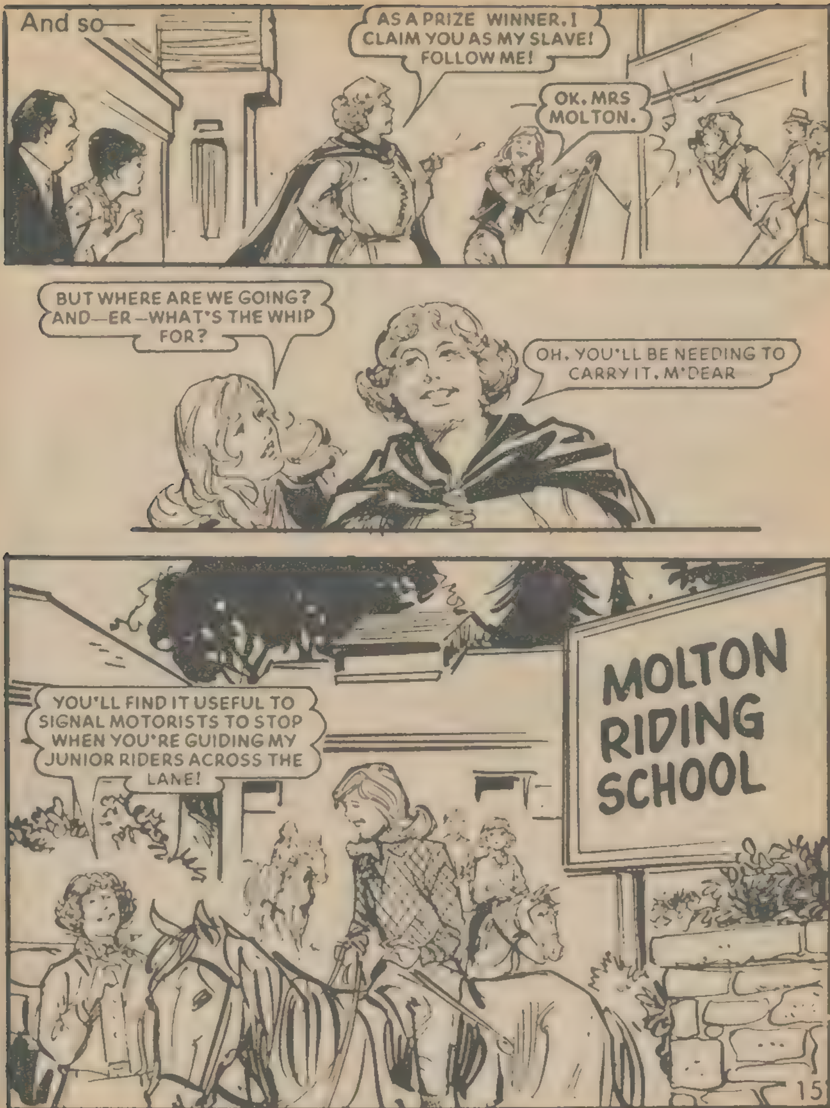

ESPECIALLY AS THAT SLAVE DRIVER OF A MAN INSISTED ON SUCH AN EARLY START
JUST SO THERE'D BE TIME FOR ME TO PAINT MY OWN SOPPY SANDWICH BOARDS. GRRR!
13



Each winner had agreed to "release" Penny as soon as one of the other four required her services.

Luckily, however, Justin had noticed Penny's embarrassment.

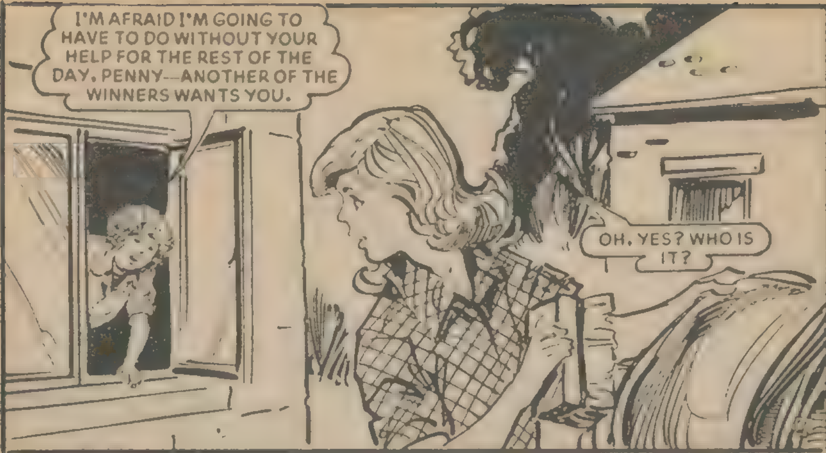



And so—
AS A PRIZE WINNER, I CLAIM YOU AS MY SLAVE! FOLLOW ME!
OK, MRS MOLTON.
BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING? AND—ER—WHAT'S THE WHIP FOR?
OH, YOU'LL BE NEEDING TO CARRY IT, M'DEAR
YOU'LL FIND IT USEFUL TO SIGNAL MOTORISTS TO STOP WHEN YOU'RE GUIDING MY JUNIOR RIDERS ACROSS THE LANE!
MOLTON RIDING SCHOOL
15


HEY, THIS ISN'T SLAVERY! THIS IS FUN!
ELBOWS CLOSER IN TO THE SIDES, ANNABEL —LET THE REINS GO A LITTLE LOOSER PLEASE, GAVIN— SHEENA, YOU'RE DOING JUST FINE.
16


ARE YOU SURE THE HOUR'S UP ALREADY? I'VE BEEN ENJOYING MYSELF SO MUCH, I FEEL AS IF WE'D HARDLY STARTED!
ME, TOO!
ALL FINISHED, PENNY? WELL, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH MY WORK, THANKS TO YOU DOING THE LANE DUTY. NOW LET'S HAVE A CUPPA.
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO HELP ME SPRUCE UP SOME OF THE SADDLES, WHEN WE'VE FINISHED OUR TEA? BUT THERE'S NO HURRY—

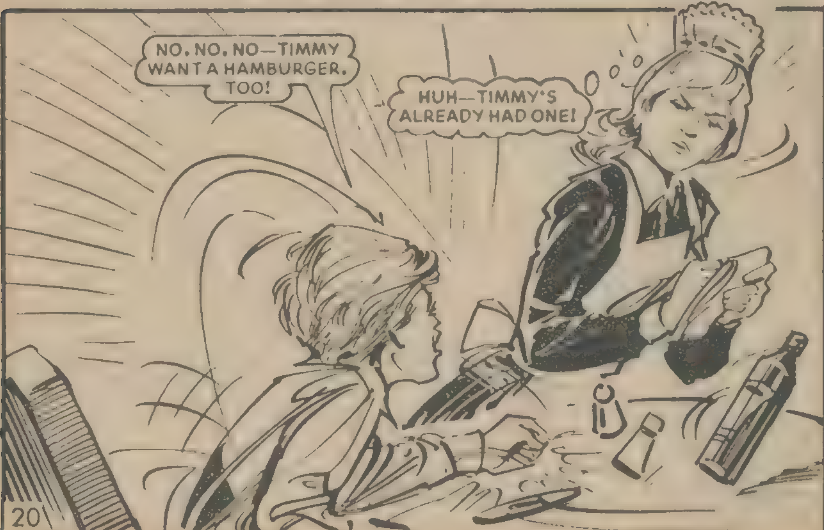

Meanwhile, outside, Helena Hayward was spying on Penny.
THAT'S NO WAY FOR A SLAVE TO BEHAVE—SITTING AT HER EASE, DRINKING TEA! WELL, I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO IT!
RING RING
TELEPHONE, MRS MOLTON.
OH, I'M NOT EXPECTING ANY CALLS. I'D BETTER GO AND ANSWER IT, THOUGH.


I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DO WITHOUT YOUR HELP FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, PENNY—ANOTHER OF THE WINNERS WANTS YOU.
OH, YES? WHO IS IT?


HE SAID HIS NAME WAS MR TAYLOR—AND HE SOUNDED RATHER IMPATIENT—
HORRIBLE HELENA STRIKES AGAIN! ALBERT TAYLOR IS A FRIEND OF HER FATHER'S—A TIGHT-FISTED OLD MEANIE.

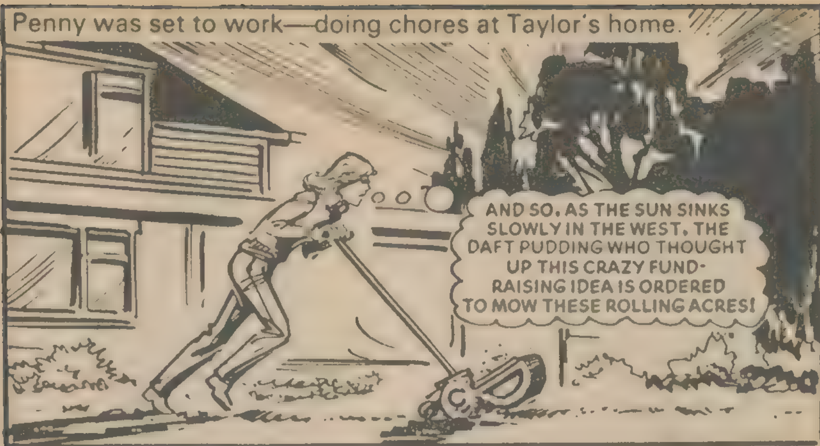
Soon she was hard at work—as a waitress in Taylor's Restaurant.



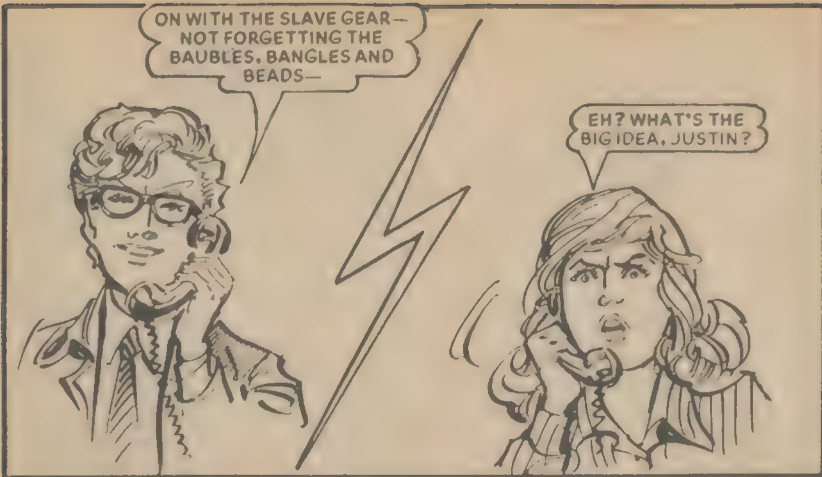


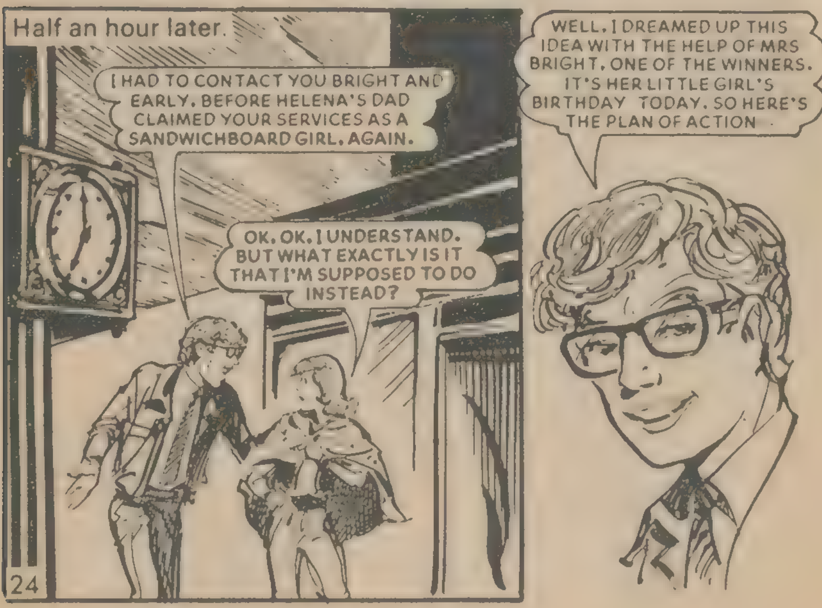

I HAD TO STOP MYSELF FROM EMPTYING THE SAUCE BOTTLE OVER TIMMY'S FAT, LITTLE HEAD. HE'S CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT THE ORDER HALF A DOZEN TIMES!
I'M STILL WAITING TO BE SERVED, WAITRESS! ARE YOU HAVING TO THE COOK THE MEALS, AS WELL AS SERVE THEM?
OH-OH—HELENA HAYWARD'S DAD IS HERE TO MAKE TROUBLE. AND I'M SUPPOSED TO SMILE AT HIS FUNNY-FUNNY JOKES, I SUPPOSE?
In the kitchen.
I CAN'T GO ON— I SIMPLY CAN'T GO ON
LITTLE DOES HAYWARD KNOW THAT, IF COOK DOESN'T PULL HERSELF TOGETHER SOON, THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION WILL BE A VERY DEFINITE "YES"!


Eventually, however, the lunch-time rush came to an end.
WELL, MR TAYLOR — TIME FOR YOUR SLAVE TO PUT HER FEET UP, EH?
I THINK NOT, MISS WISE.
I'VE BEEN CHECKING THE MEANING OF THE WORD "SLAVE" IN MY DICTIONARY AND ONE OF THE DEFINITIONS I FOUND WAS "A PERSON OF NO LEISURE". THEREFORE I SUGGEST YOU FOLLOW ME.
HE'S JOKING -ISN'T HE?

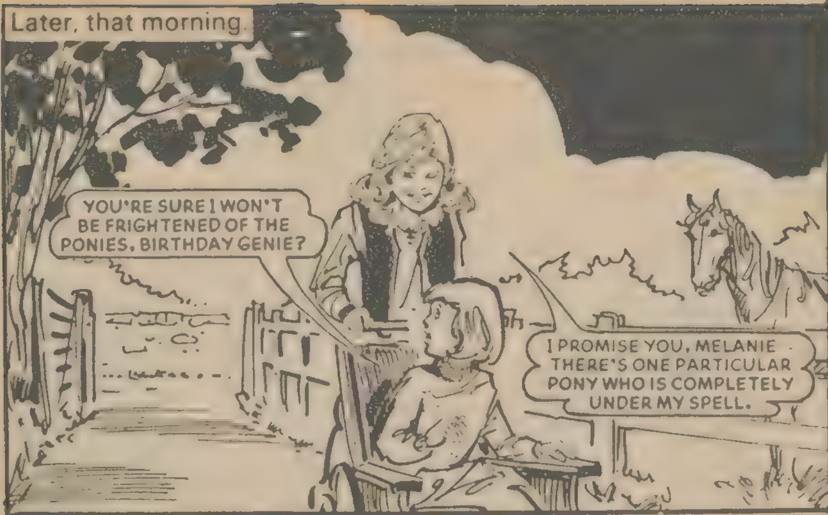

Penny was set to work—doing chores at Taylor's home.
AND SO, AS THE SUN SINKS SLOWLY IN THE WEST, THE DAFT PUDDING WHO THOUGHT UP THIS CRAZY FUND-RAISING IDEA IS ORDERED TO MOW THESE ROLLING ACRES!

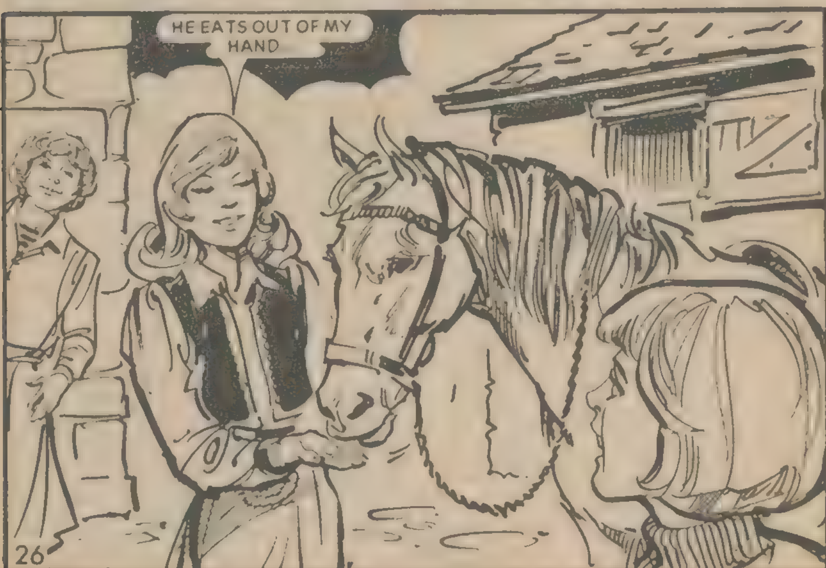

Penny slept like a log that night, but all too soon—
A 'PHONE CALL? FOR ME?
I'M AFRAID SO, DEAR. IT'S A RATHER CHEERFUL SOUNDING PERSON. HE SAYS HIS NAME IS JUSTIN.


ON WITH THE SLAVE GEAR— NOT FORGETTING THE BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BEADS—
EH? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, JUSTIN?


Half an hour later.
I HAD TO CONTACT YOU BRIGHT AND EARLY, BEFORE HELENA'S DAD CLAIMED YOUR SERVICES AS A SANDWICHBOARD GIRL, AGAIN.
OK, OK, I UNDERSTAND. BUT WHAT EXACTLY IS IT THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO INSTEAD?
WELL, I DREAMED UP THIS IDEA WITH THE HELP OF MRS BRIGHT, ONE OF THE WINNERS. IT'S HER LITTLE GIRL'S BIRTHDAY TODAY, SO HERE'S THE PLAN OF ACTION.

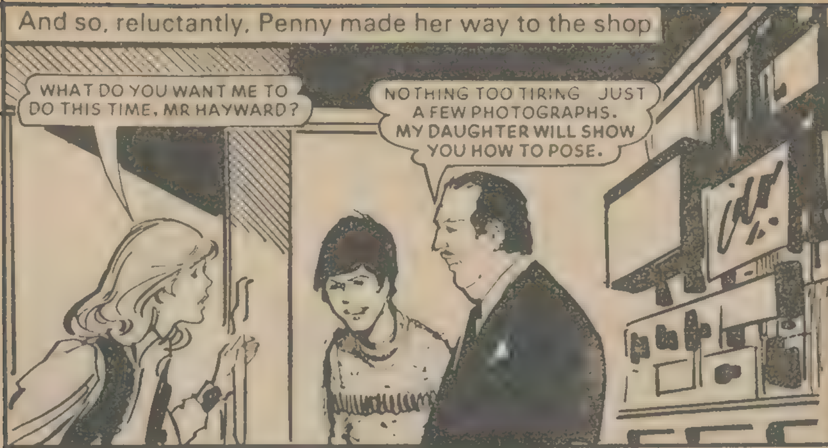

The french windows at Mrs Bright's house had been left open deliberately.
YOU SAY THIS IS A MAGIC LAMP, MUM, AND IF I RUB IT WITH MY HANKIE, SOMETHING SPECIAL WILL HAPPEN?
THAT'S RIGHT, MELANIE. GO ON—TRY—
ABRACADABRA, KALAMAZOO— YOUR BIRTHDAY GENIE IS HERE TO SERVE YOU!
OHHH, MUMMY, ISN'T SHE LOVELY?

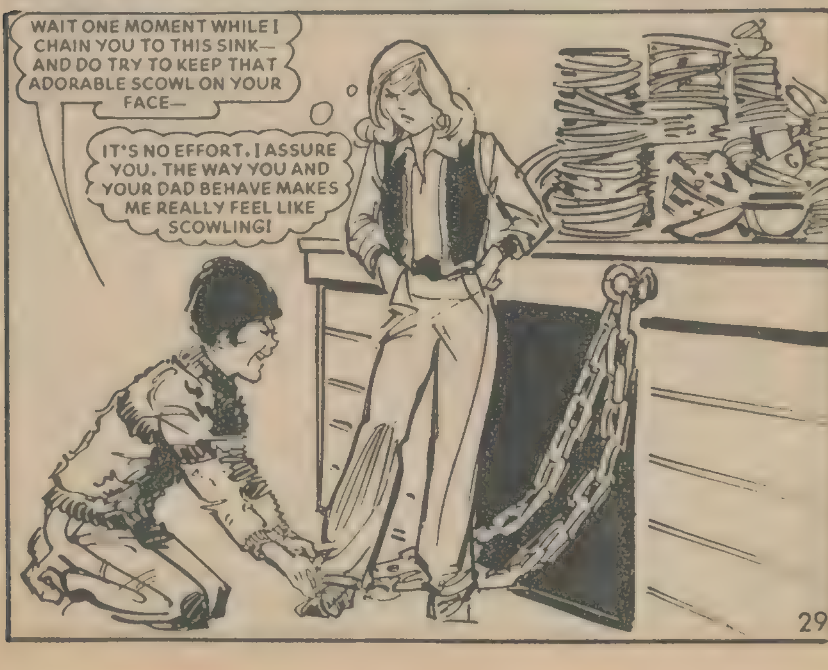

Later, that morning.
YOU'RE SURE I WON'T BE FRIGHTENED OF THE PONIES, BIRTHDAY GENIE?
I PROMISE YOU, MELANIE - THERE'S ONE PARTICULAR PONY WHO IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY SPELL.

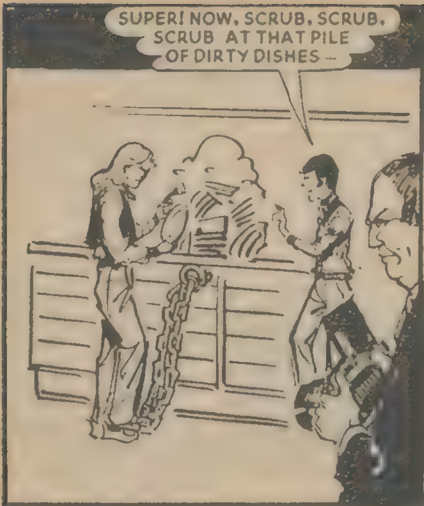

HE EATS OUT OF MY HAND


—AND A RIDE ON HIS BACK IS AS SMOOTH AS A TRIP ON A FLYING CARPET!
MRS MOLTON RUNS A WEEKLY CLASS FOR DISABLED CHILDREN. BUT MELANIE HAS ALWAYS LACKED THE CONFIDENCE TO JOIN IT, TILL NOW. I DO HOPE THE BIRTHDAY GENIE HAS HELPED HER TO CHANGE HER MIND!

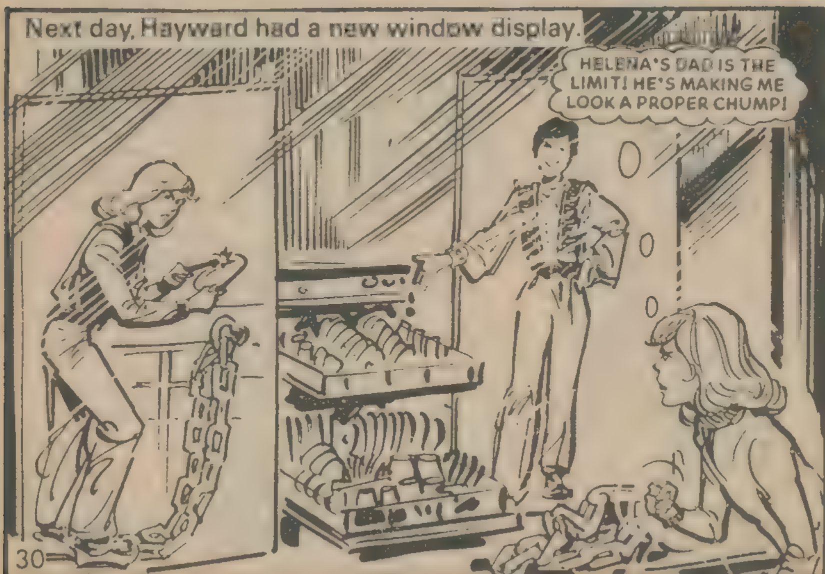

At Melanie's birthday party. Justin was there to take photographs.
LOOK. LOOK! ISN'T MY GENIE CLEVER?
YES. PENNY'S A GENIE WITH A GENIUS FOR MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.
THAT'S WHY I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL HER THAT THE PARTY'S OVER. BUT HELENA HAYWARD'S DAD HAS JUST RUNG UP THE LOCAL PAPER TO COMPLAIN THAT SHE HASN'T DONE ANY SLAVE DUTIES FOR HIM TODAY. HE'S EXPECTING HER AT HIS SHOP IN HALF AN HOUR FROM NOW!

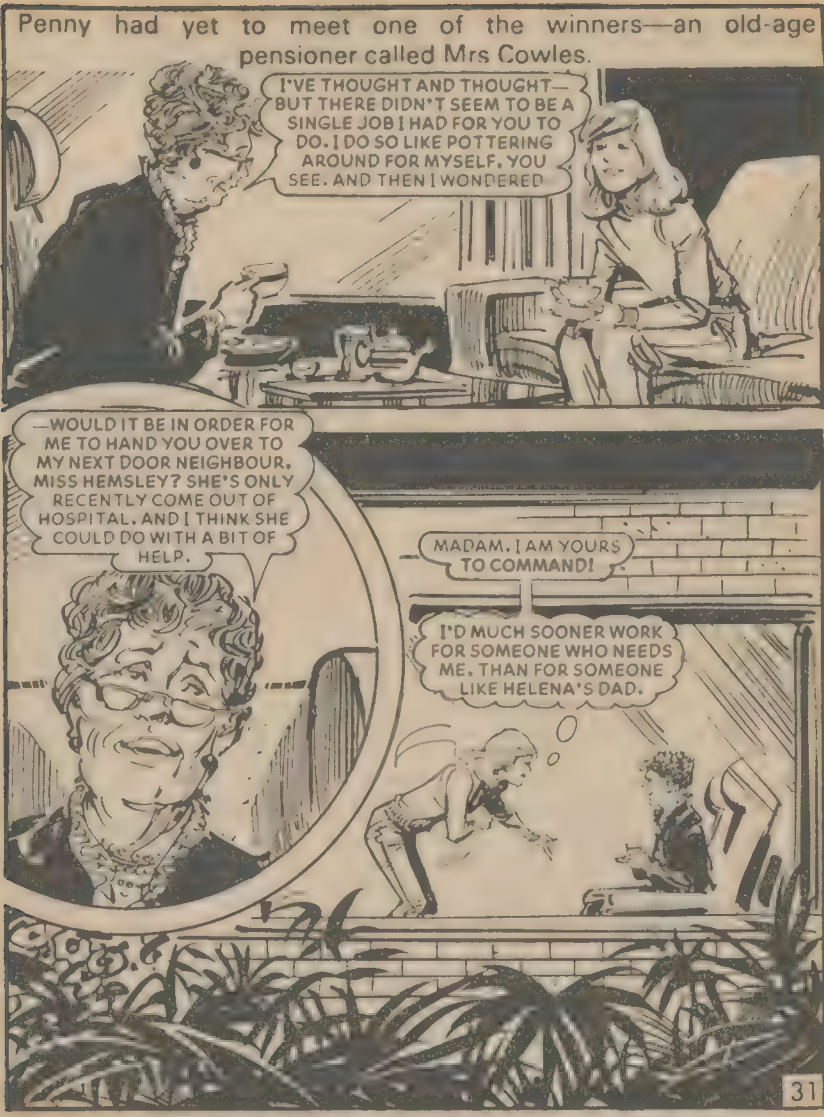

And so, reluctantly, Penny made her way to the shop
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO THIS TIME, MR HAYWARD?
NOTHING TOO TIRING JUST A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS. MY DAUGHTER WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO POSE.


WAIT ONE MOMENT WHILE I CHAIN YOU TO THIS SINK— AND DO TRY TO KEEP THAT ADORABLE SCOWL ON YOUR FACE—
IT'S NO EFFORT, I ASSURE YOU. THE WAY YOU AND YOUR DAD BEHAVE MAKES ME REALLY FEEL LIKE SCOWLING!


SUPER! NOW, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB AT THAT PILE OF DIRTY DISHES —

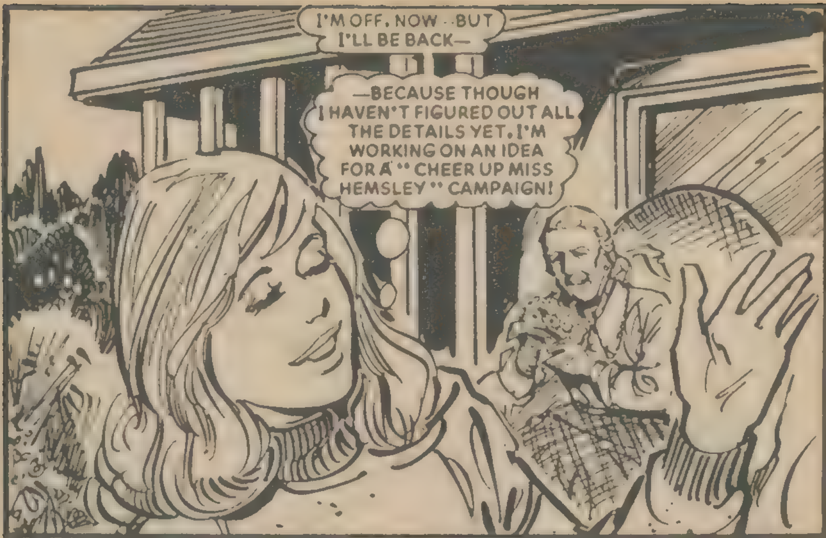

AND FLASH! THE JOB'S DONE!

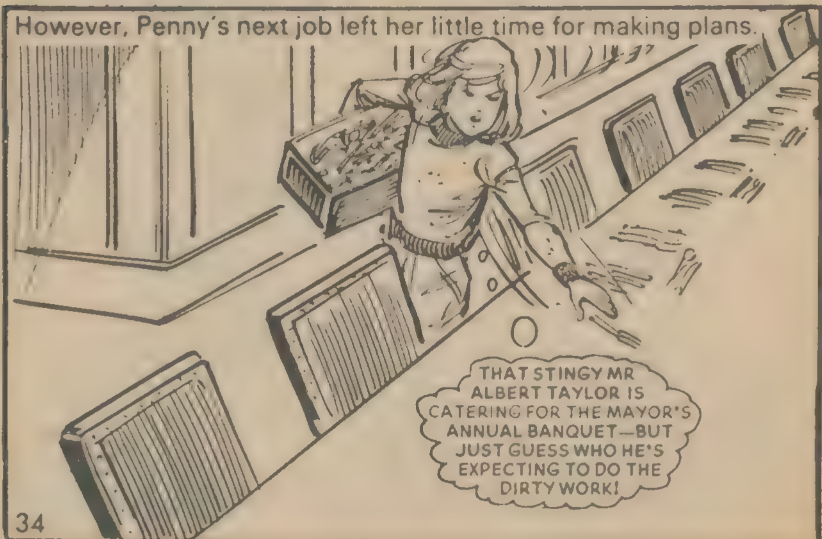

Next day, Hayward had a new window display.
HELENA'S DAD IS THE LIMIT! HE'S MAKING ME LOOK A PROPER CHUMP!

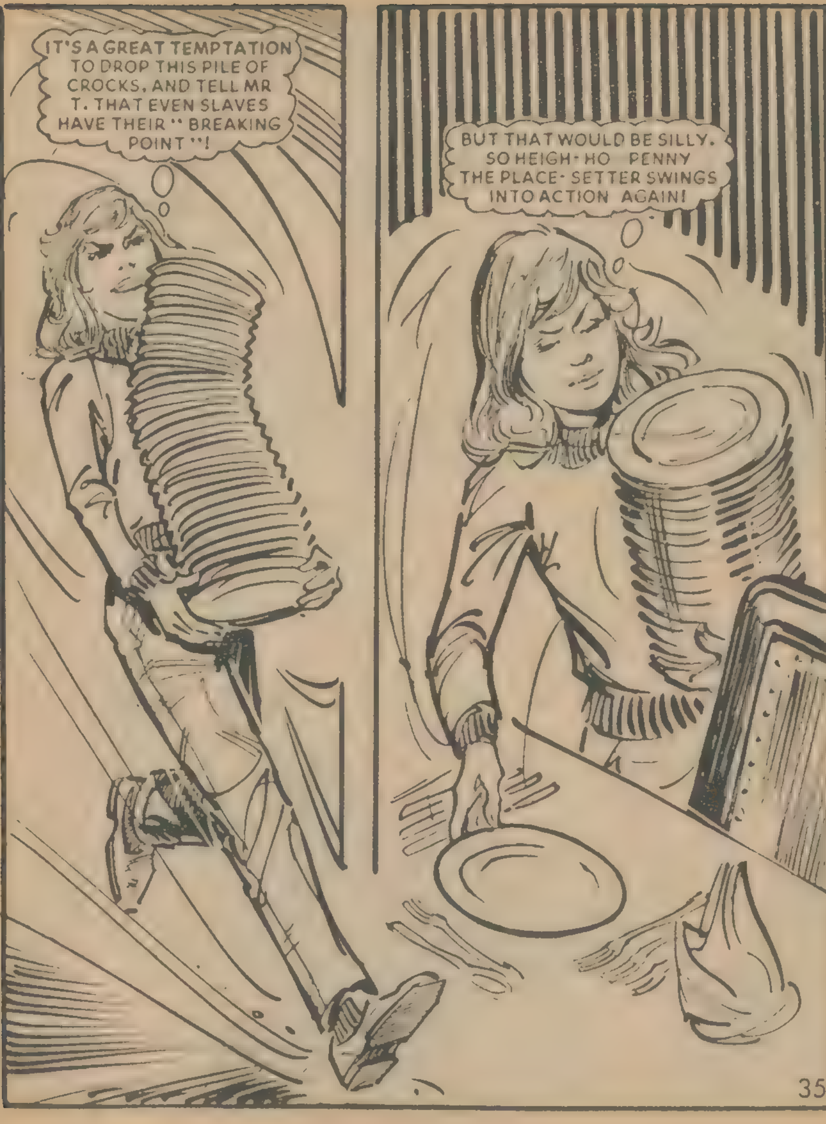

Penny had yet to meet one of the winners—an old-age pensioner called Mrs Cowles.
I'VE THOUGHT AND THOUGHT—BUT THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE A SINGLE JOB I HAD FOR YOU TO DO. I DO SO LIKE POTTERING AROUND FOR MYSELF, YOU SEE. AND THEN I WONDERED
—WOULD IT BE IN ORDER FOR ME TO HAND YOU OVER TO MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR, MISS HEMSLEY? SHE'S ONLY RECENTLY COME OUT OF HOSPITAL, AND I THINK SHE COULD DO WITH A BIT OF HELP.
MADAM, I AM YOURS TO COMMAND!
I'D MUCH SOONER WORK FOR SOMEONE WHO NEEDS ME, THAN FOR SOMEONE LIKE HELENA'S DAD.

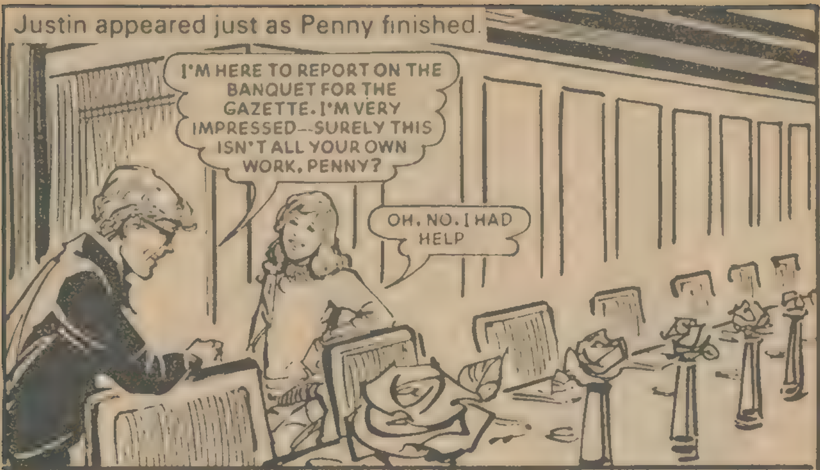

And so—
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN COPE, MY DEAR?
DON'T WORRY, MISS HEMSLEY. WEEDS TREMBLE WHEN I ATTACK THEM WITH MY DEMON HOE!
ONCE THE WEEDS ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT FLOWERS ARE ACTUALLY GROWING HERE

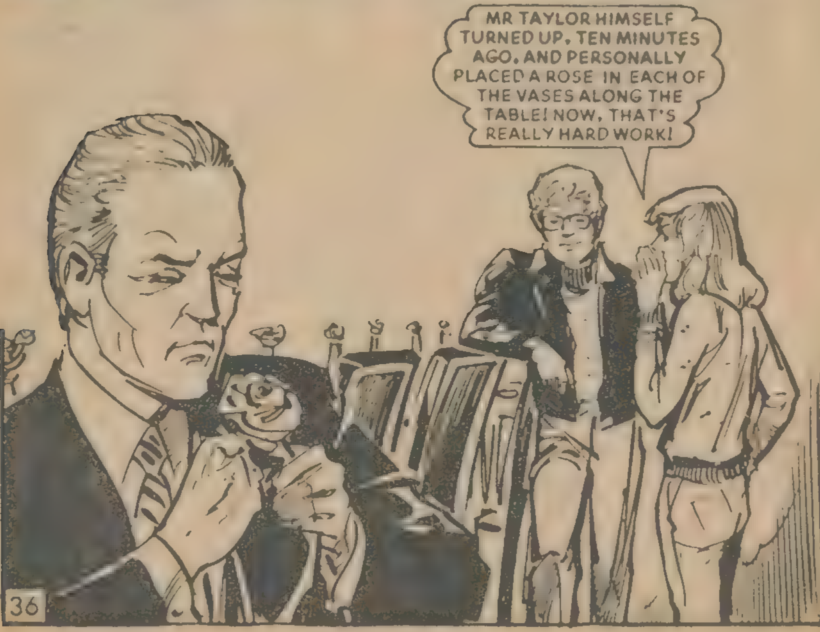

AND PRESENT A LITTLE POSY OF THEM TO YOU!
THANK YOU, PENNY. YOU'VE BROUGHT A BREATH OF FRESH AIR INTO MY LIFE, WHICH MEANS MUCH MORE TO ME THAN JUST A TIDY GARDEN—
DON'T MENTION IT— ALL PART OF THE SLAVE-GIRL SERVICE!
33

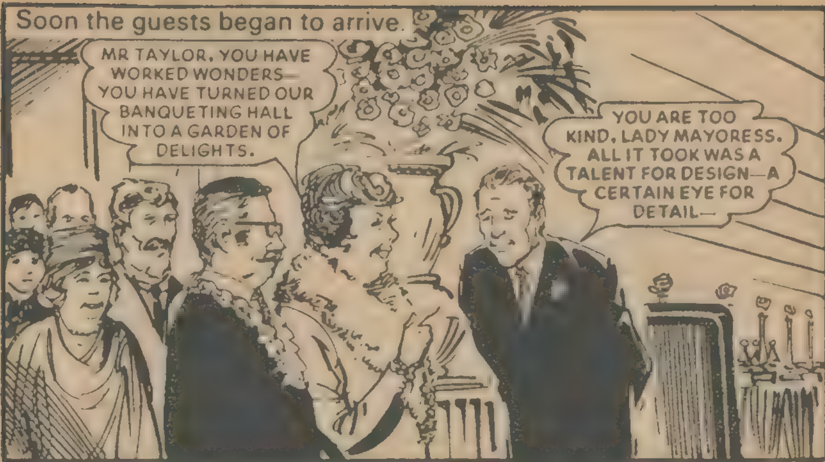

I'M OFF, NOW --BUT I'LL BE BACK—
—BECAUSE THOUGH I HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT ALL THE DETAILS YET, I'M WORKING ON AN IDEA FOR A "CHEER UP MISS HEMSLEY" CAMPAIGN!


However, Penny's next job left her little time for making plans.
THAT STINGY MR ALBERT TAYLOR IS CATERING FOR THE MAYOR'S ANNUAL BANQUET—BUT JUST GUESS WHO HE'S EXPECTING TO DO THE DIRTY WORK!


IT'S A GREAT TEMPTATION TO DROP THIS PILE OF CROCKS, AND TELL MR T. THAT EVEN SLAVES HAVE THEIR "BREAKING POINT"!
BUT THAT WOULD BE SILLY. SO HEIGH-HO PENNY THE PLACE-SETTER SWINGS INTO ACTION AGAIN!

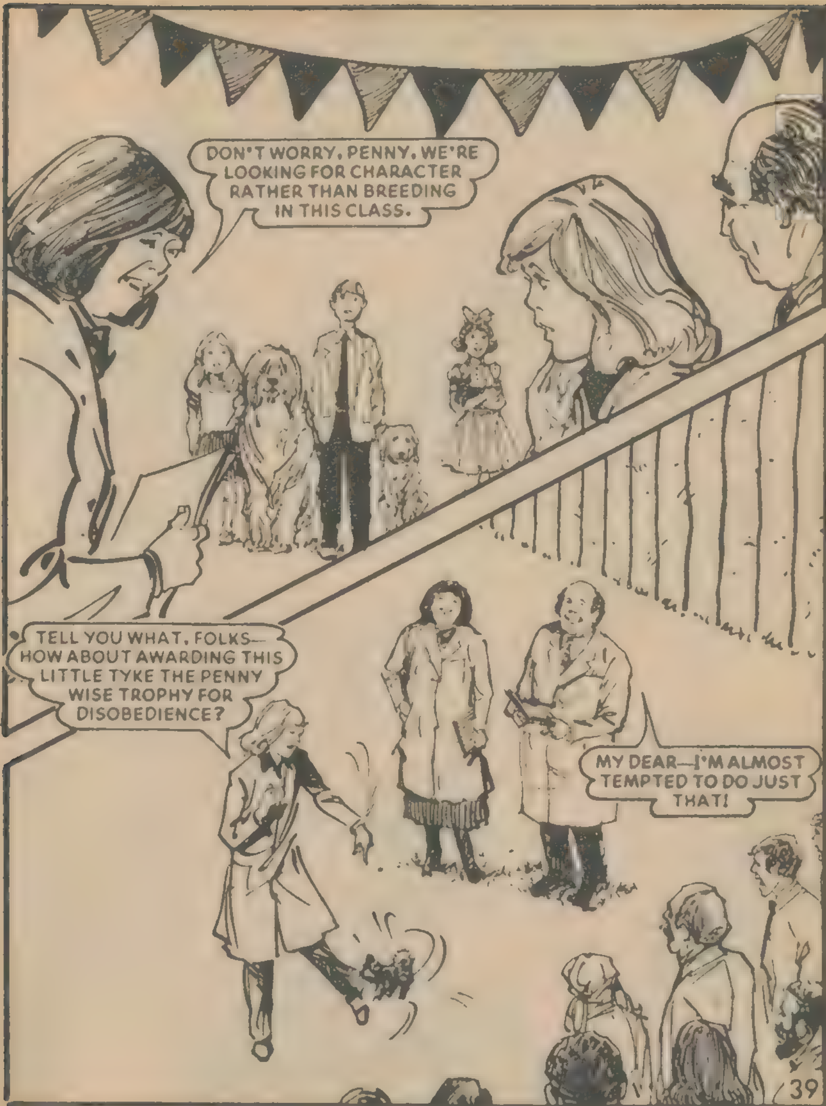

Justin appeared just as Penny finished.
I'M HERE TO REPORT ON THE BANQUET FOR THE GAZETTE. I'M VERY IMPRESSED--SURELY THIS ISN'T ALL YOUR OWN WORK, PENNY?
OH, NO. I HAD HELP


MR TAYLOR HIMSELF TURNED UP, TEN MINUTES AGO, AND PERSONALLY PLACED A ROSE IN EACH OF THE VASES ALONG THE TABLE! NOW, THAT'S REALLY HARD WORK!

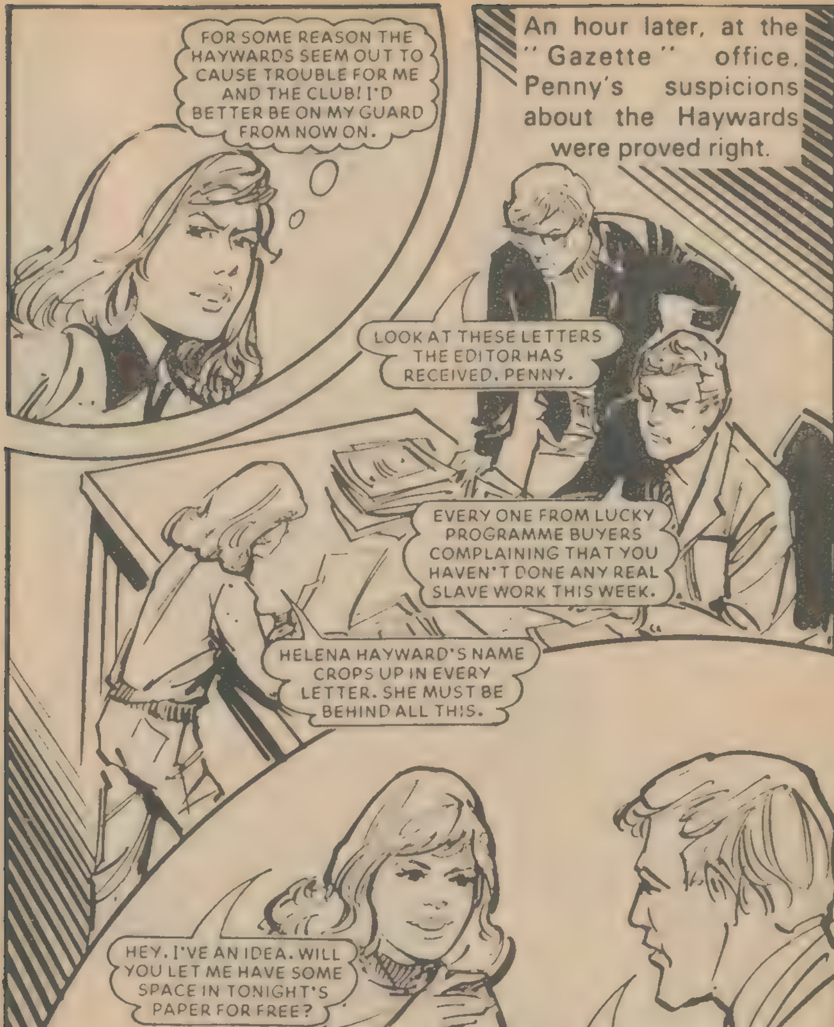

Soon the guests began to arrive.
MR TAYLOR, YOU HAVE WORKED WONDERS—YOU HAVE TURNED OUR BANQUETING HALL INTO A GARDEN OF DELIGHTS.
YOU ARE TOO KIND, LADY MAYORESS. ALL IT TOOK WAS A TALENT FOR DESIGN—A CERTAIN EYE FOR DETAIL—

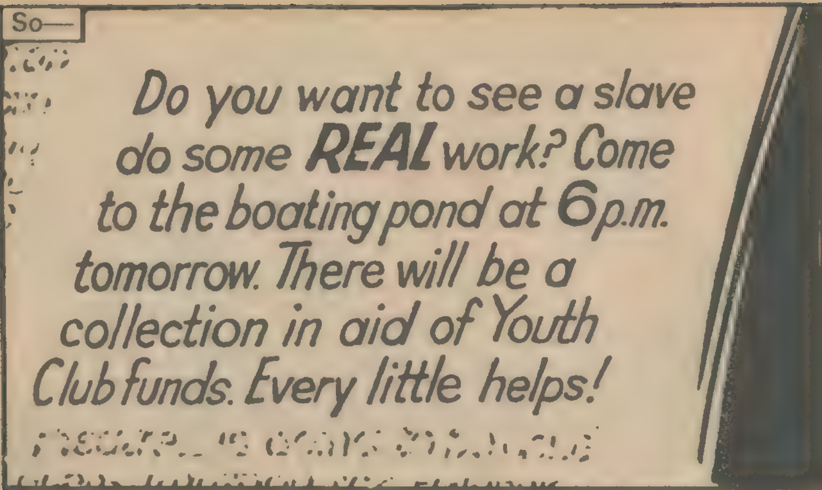

—AND AN UNSUNG HEROINE CALLED PENNY WISE, EH? C'MON—LEAVE THE BIGWIGS TO THEIR POSH NOSH. I'LL TREAT YOU TO FISH AND CHIPS AT THE SHOP ROUND THE CORNER.
JUSTIN—YOU'RE A GENT!


Penny's slave week was half over when she received an emergency request from Mrs Molton at the riding stables.
I'VE GOT TO TAKE ONE OF THE PONIES TO THE VET, AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD STAND IN FOR ME.
SAY NO MORE, MRS M. ONE SUBSTITUTE RIDING ASSISTANT IS NOW GALLOPING TO YOUR AID!
But Penny's services weren't needed at the stables! At the local church fete—
I WISH SOMEONE HAD TOLD ME THAT MRS MOLTON IS A DOG SHOW JUDGE IN HER SPARE TIME! THEN I COULD HAVE ARRANGED TO BE OUT WHEN THE PHONE RANG! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DOGS!


DON'T WORRY, PENNY. WE'RE LOOKING FOR CHARACTER RATHER THAN BREEDING IN THIS CLASS.
TELL YOU WHAT, FOLKS— HOW ABOUT AWARDING THIS LITTLE TYKE THE PENNY WISE TROPHY FOR DISOBEDIENCE?
MY DEAR—I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO DO JUST THAT!


OLD FELLER. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO AWARD THE PRIZE FOR THE FUNNIEST FACE TO YOU—OR TO ME!
The Haywards were amongst the crowd.
THERE'S THAT WRETCHED GIRL PENNY MAKING AN EXHIBITION OF HERSELF AGAIN, DADDY.
WHY AREN'T YOU WORKING FOR ONE OF US WINNERS, YOUNG LADY? YOU'LL BE GETTING THE YOUTH CLUB A BAD NAME!
At that point, Mrs Molton appeared.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, SHE'S DOING JUST THAT— FOR ME. AND A GOOD JOB SHE'S MAKING OF IT, TOO!

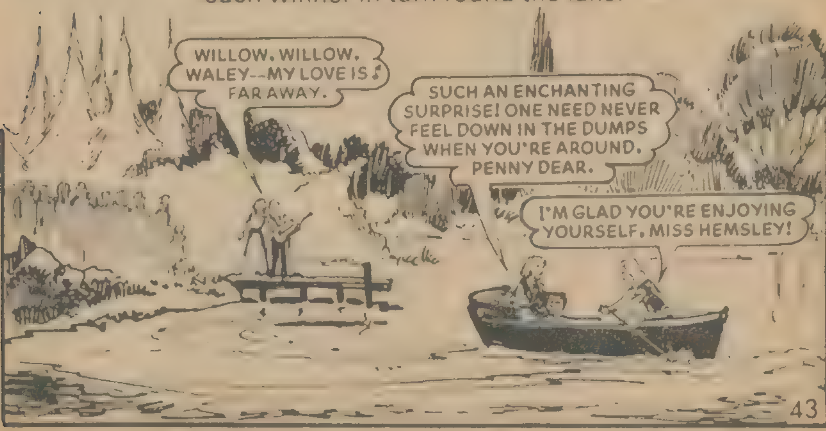

FOR SOME REASON THE HAYWARDS SEEM OUT TO CAUSE TROUBLE FOR ME AND THE CLUB! I'D BETTER BE ON MY GUARD FROM NOW ON.
An hour later, at the "Gazette" office, Penny's suspicions about the Haywards were proved right.
LOOK AT THESE LETTERS THE EDITOR HAS RECEIVED, PENNY.
EVERY ONE FROM LUCKY PROGRAMME BUYERS COMPLAINING THAT YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANY REAL SLAVE WORK THIS WEEK.
HELENA HAYWARD'S NAME CROPS UP IN EVERY LETTER. SHE MUST BE BEHIND ALL THIS.
HEY, I'VE AN IDEA. WILL YOU LET ME HAVE SOME SPACE IN TONIGHT'S PAPER FOR FREE?
WELL, YES I SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE ARRANGED

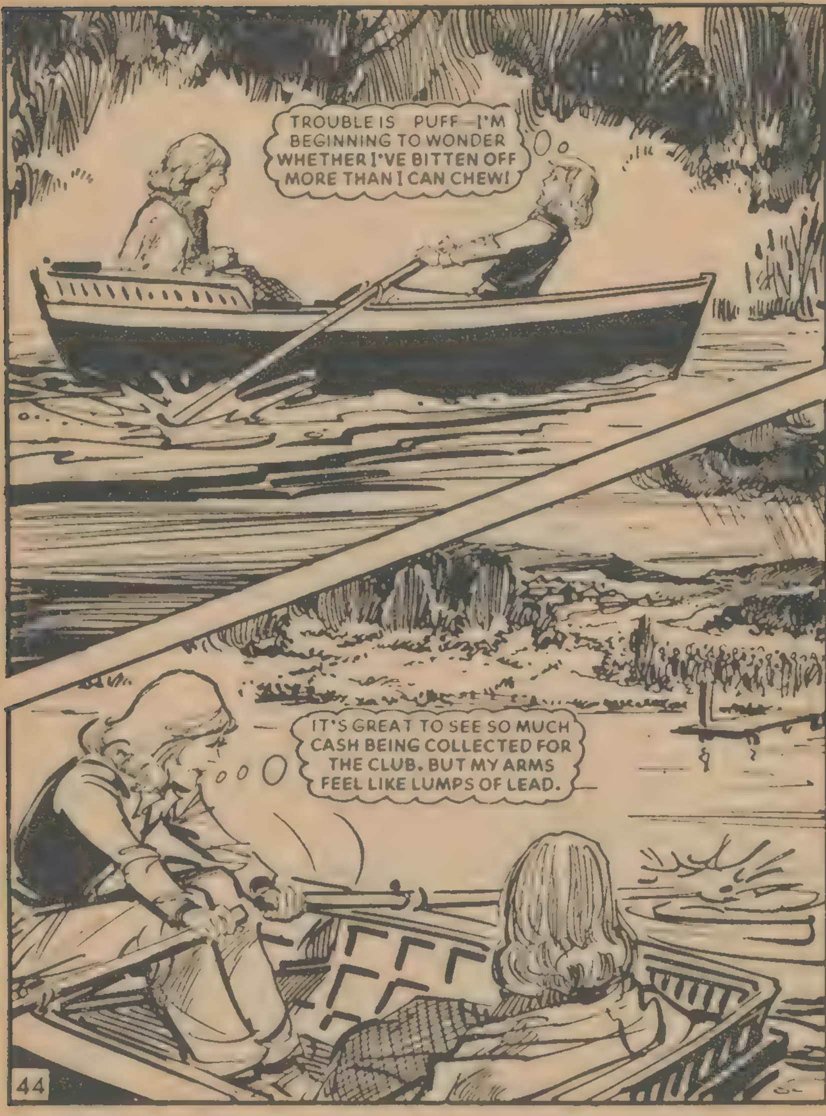

So—
Do you want to see a slave do some **REAL** work? Come to the boating pond at 6 p.m. tomorrow. There will be a collection in aid of Youth Club funds. Every little helps!

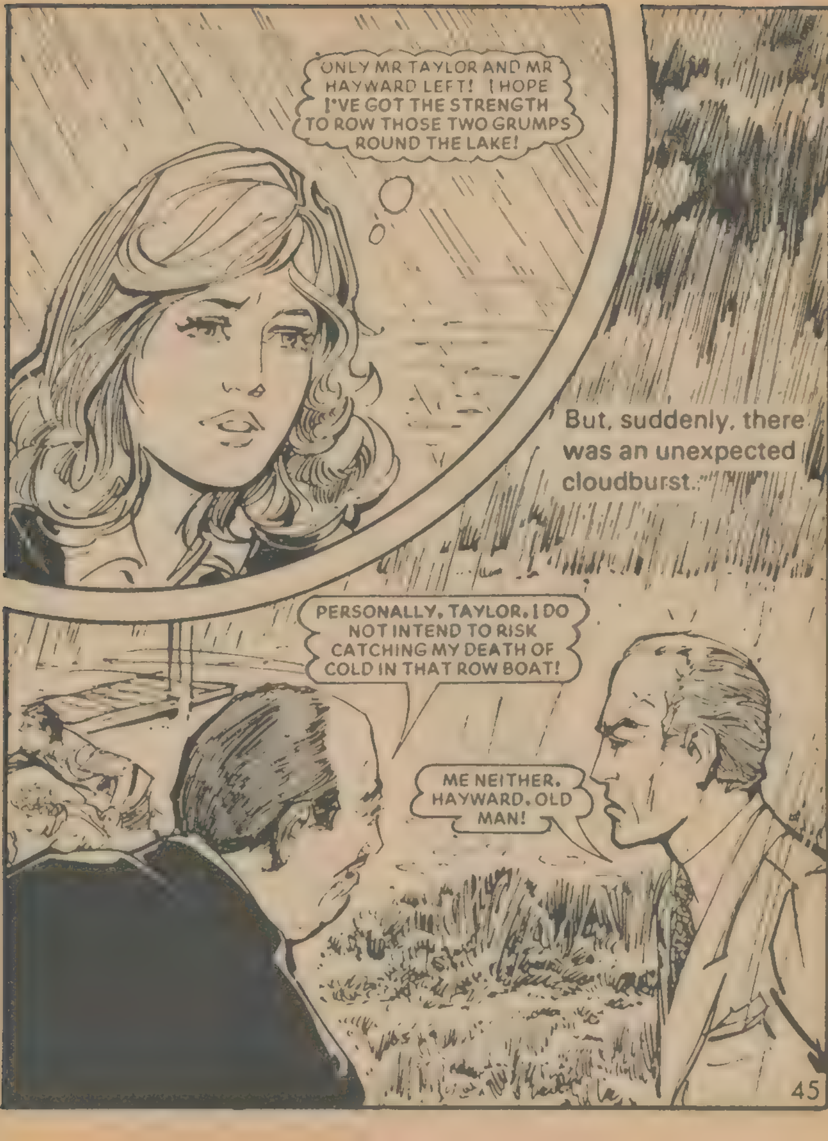

And, the following evening.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THIS EVENING, OUR FEARLESS FRIEND PENNY HAS AGREED TO ACT AS GALLEY-SLAVE, TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF HER OWNERS. SHE WILL ROW EACH OF THEM ROUND THE LAKE IN TURN—

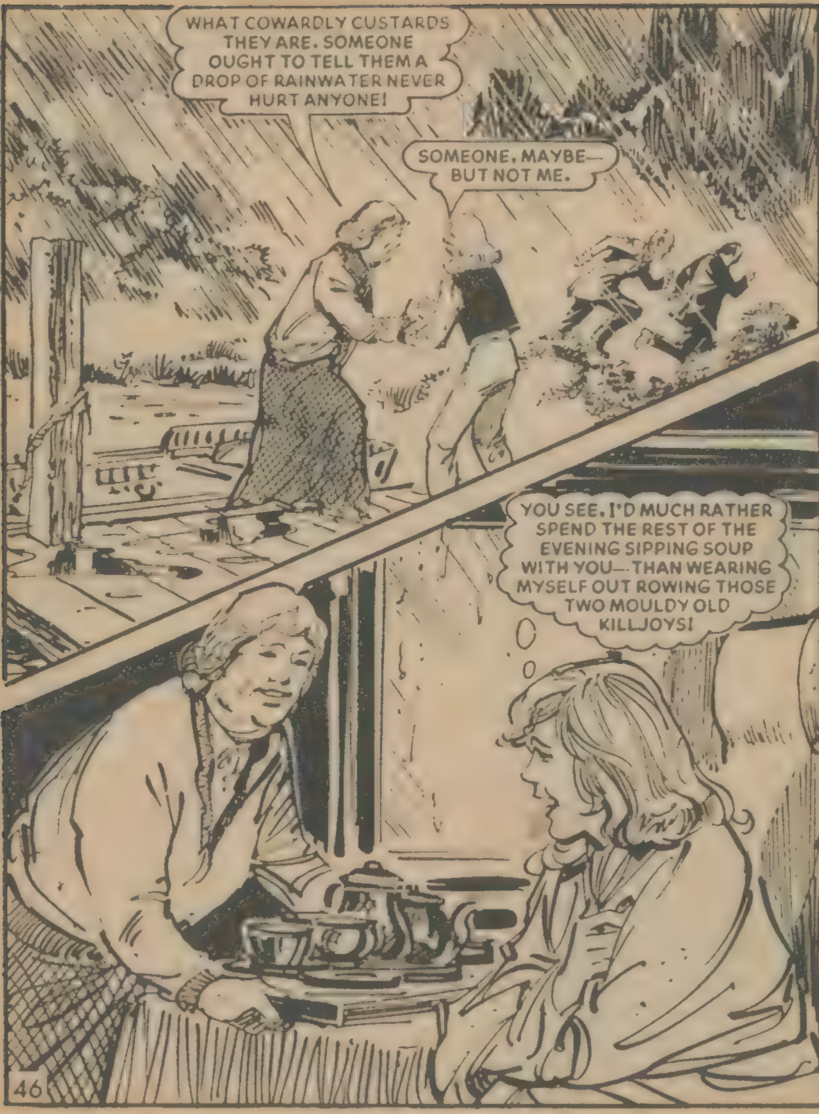


Two of the club members entertained the onlookers as Penny took each winner in turn round the lake.



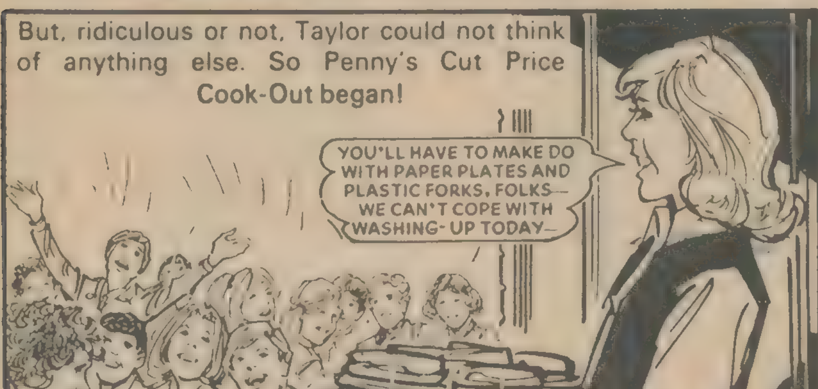

TROUBLE IS PUFF I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER I'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW!
IT'S GREAT TO SEE SO MUCH CASH BEING COLLECTED FOR THE CLUB. BUT MY ARMS FEEL LIKE LUMPS OF LEAD.

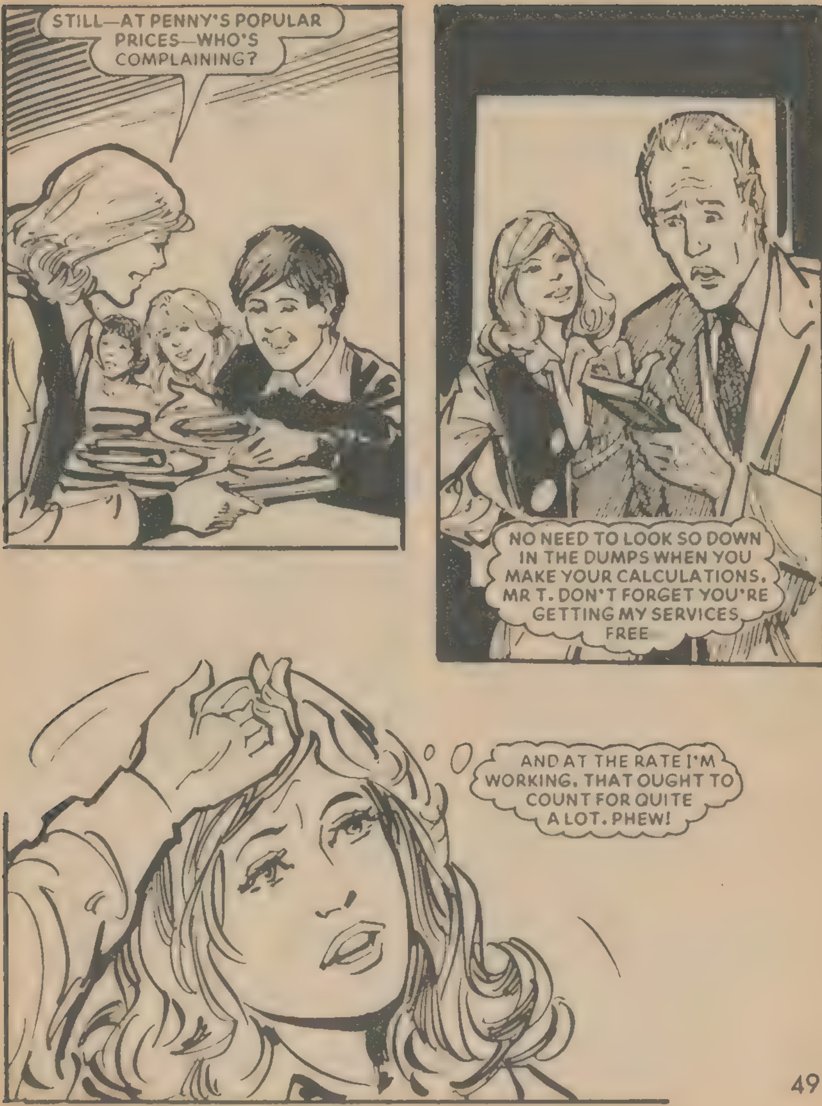

ONLY MR TAYLOR AND MR HAYWARD LEFT! I HOPE I'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO ROW THOSE TWO GRUMPS ROUND THE LAKE!
But, suddenly, there was an unexpected cloudburst.
PERSONALLY, TAYLOR, I DO NOT INTEND TO RISK CATCHING MY DEATH OF COLD IN THAT ROW BOAT!
ME NEITHER, HAYWARD, OLD MAN!

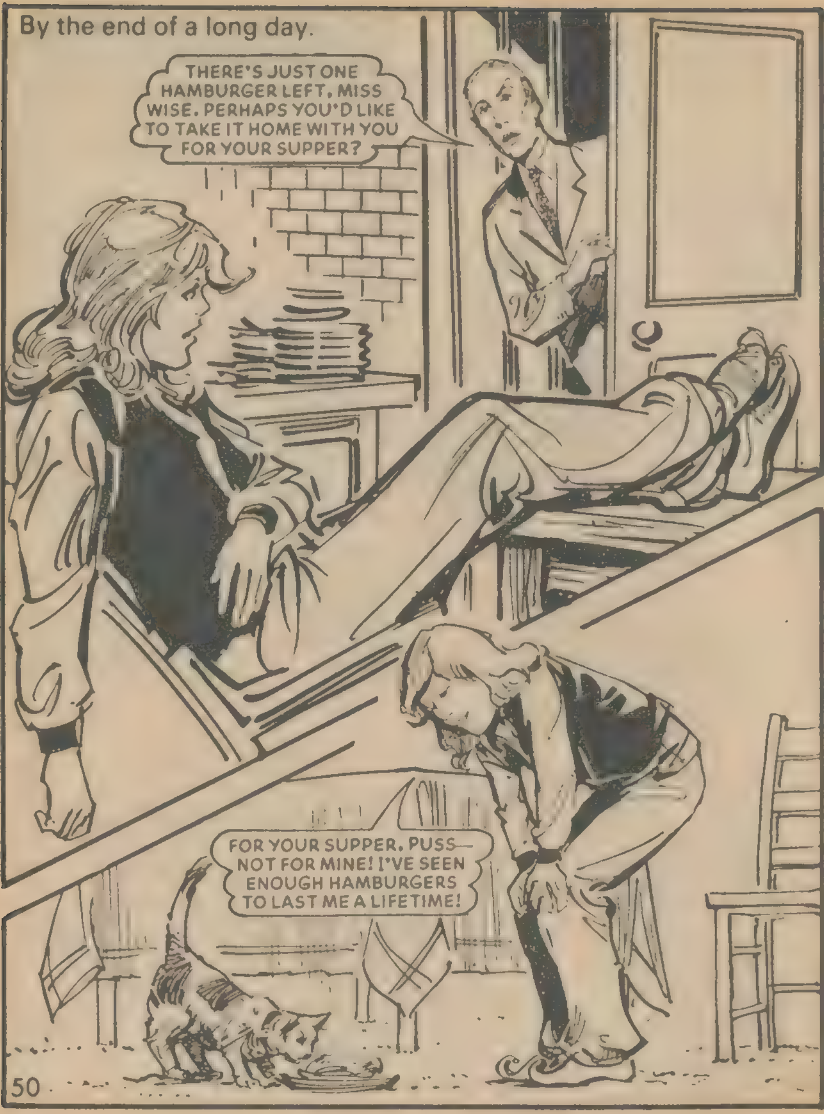

WHAT COWARDLY CUSTARDS THEY ARE. SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL THEM A DROP OF RAINWATER NEVER HURT ANYONE!
SOMEONE, MAYBE— BUT NOT ME.
YOU SEE, I'D MUCH RATHER SPEND THE REST OF THE EVENING SIPPING SOUP WITH YOU—THAN WEARING MYSELF OUT ROWING THOSE TWO MOULDY OLD KILLJOYS!

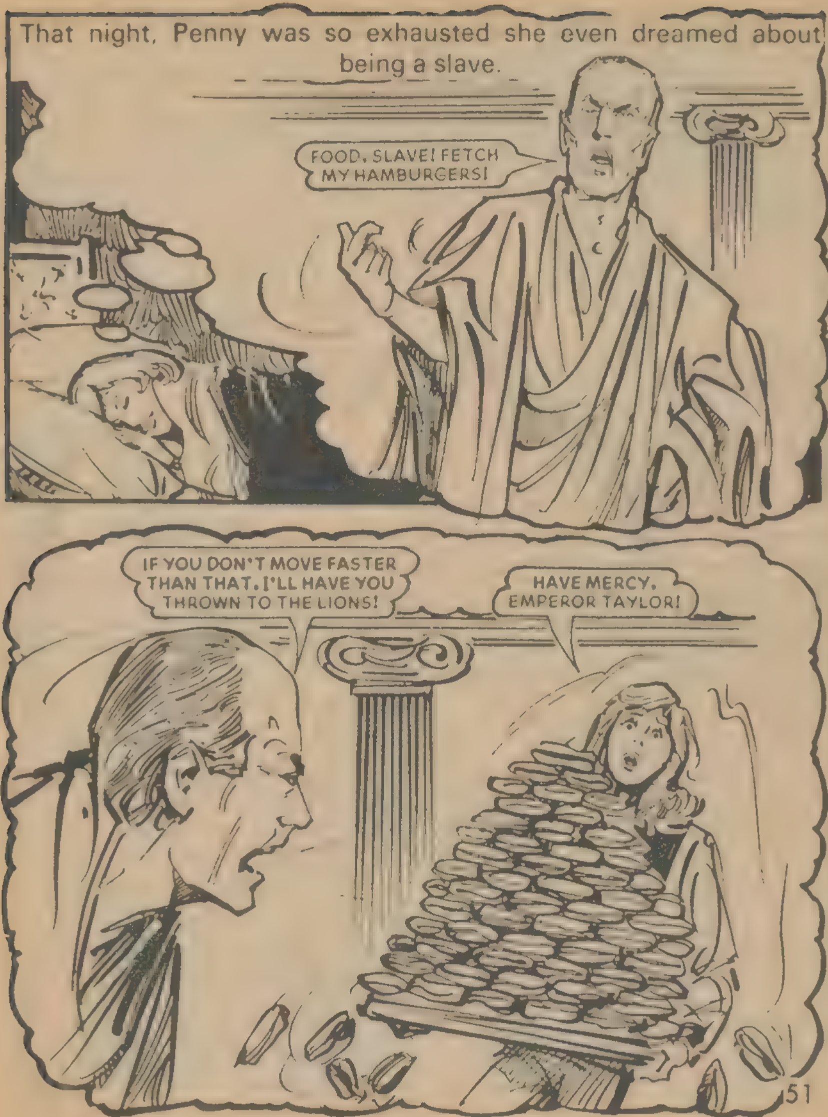

The following day, Albert Taylor had first claim on Penny's services.
MR TAYLOR WOULD HAVE MADE A PROPER SLAVE-DRIVER! HE'S GOT ME HUMPING A WEEK'S SUPPLY OF FROZEN GRUB INTO HIS RESTAURANT NOW.
MY FREEZER HAS JUST BROKEN DOWN, AND HAYWARD ELECTRICS CAN'T REPAIR IT TILL TOMORROW AFTERNOON. ALL THE FOOD WILL HAVE DEFROSTED AND BE RUINED BY THEN!


SO YOU'VE GOT TO SELL THE FOOD QUICK OR DUMP IT, IS THAT THE CASE? THEN WHY DON'T YOU INVITE ALL THE YORICKTOWN YOUNGSTERS TO A CUT PRICE COOK-OUT IN THE BACKYARD?
LOWER MY PRICES? RIDICULOUS!


But, ridiculous or not, Taylor could not think of anything else. So Penny's Cut Price Cook-Out began!
YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH PAPER PLATES AND PLASTIC FORKS, FOLKS— WE CAN'T COPE WITH WASHING-UP TODAY—


STILL—AT PENNY'S POPULAR PRICES—WHO'S COMPLAINING?
NO NEED TO LOOK SO DOWN IN THE DUMPS WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR CALCULATIONS, MR T. DON'T FORGET YOU'RE GETTING MY SERVICES FREE
AND AT THE RATE I'M WORKING, THAT OUGHT TO COUNT FOR QUITE A LOT. PHEW!

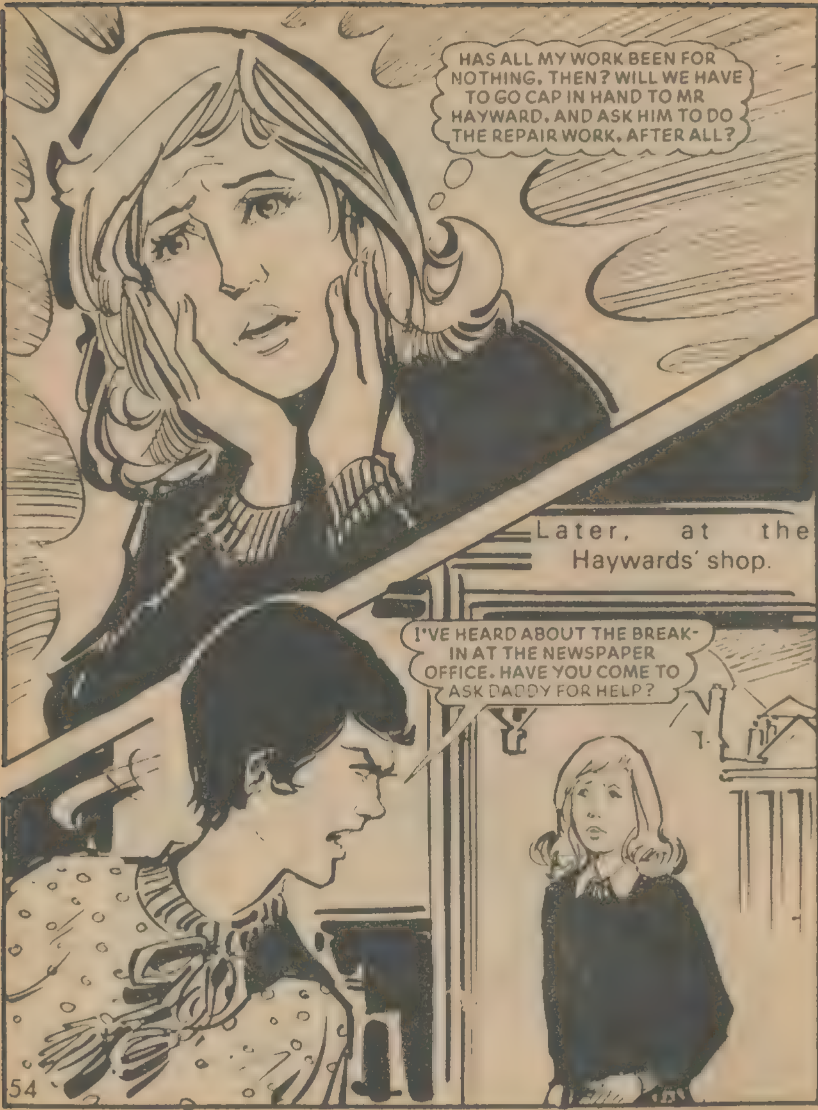

By the end of a long day.
THERE'S JUST ONE HAMBURGER LEFT, MISS WISE. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU FOR YOUR SUPPER?
FOR YOUR SUPPER, PUSS— NOT FOR MINE! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH HAMBURGERS TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!


That night, Penny was so exhausted she even dreamed about being a slave.
FOOD, SLAVE! FETCH MY HAMBURGERS!
IF YOU DON'T MOVE FASTER THAN THAT, I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN TO THE LIONS!
HAVE MERCY, EMPEROR TAYLOR!


THAT'S RIGHT— THROW HER TO THE LIONS!
THE LADY HELENA HAS SPOKEN!

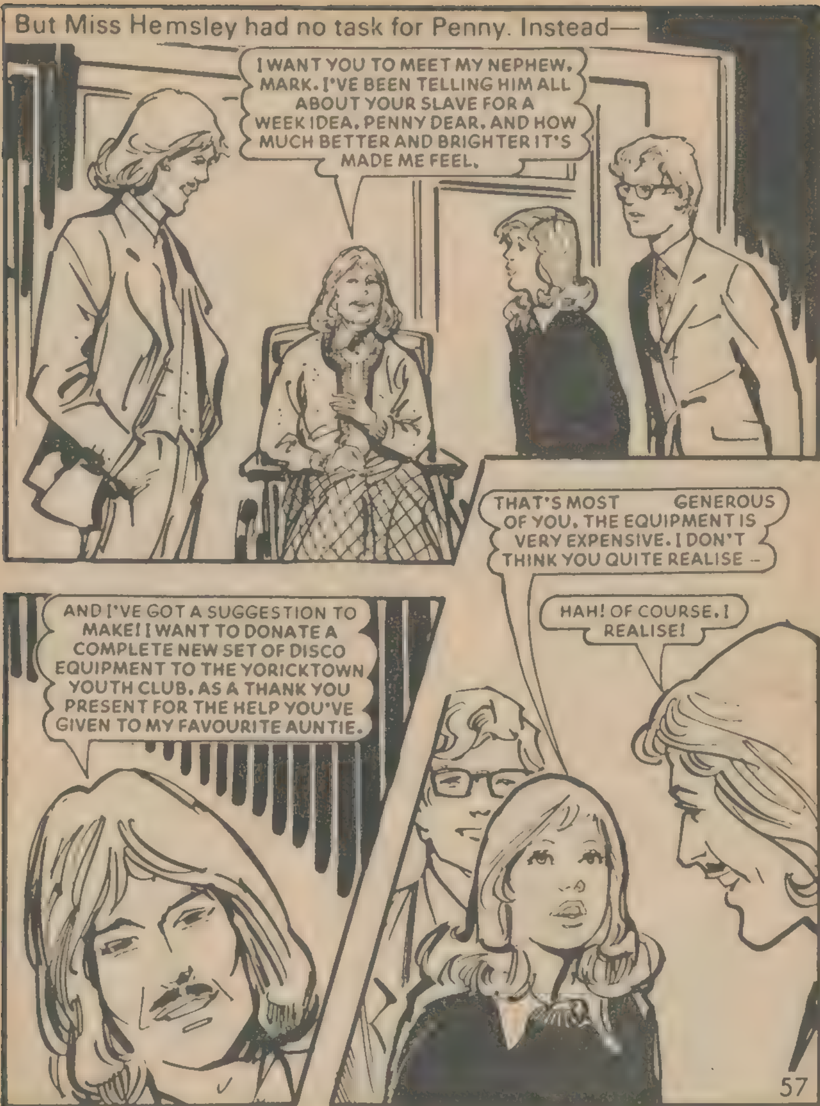

IF SHE WAS A REAL SLAVE, SHE'D MAKE SURE WE WON THE RACE, FOR THE HONOUR OF YORICKTOWN YOUTH CLUB!

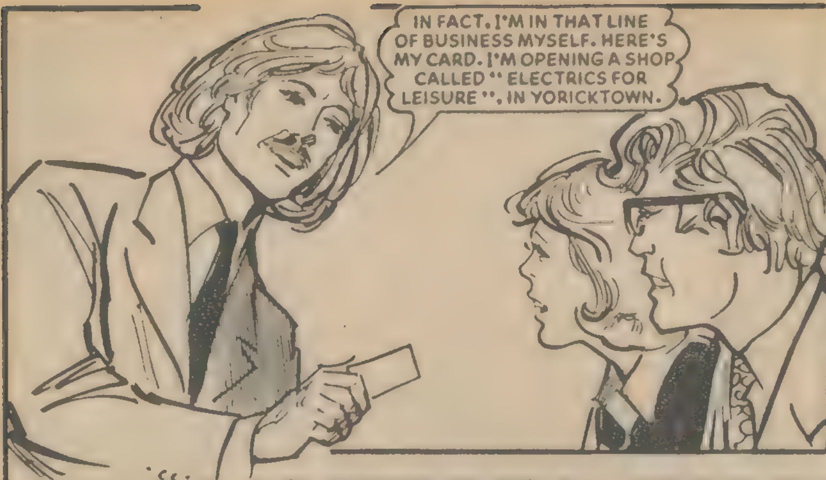

After her restless night, a rather weary Penny answered the phone early next morning.
I HOPE NOBODY WANTS A SLAVE RIGHT AWAY! I STILL FEEL EXHAUSTED!
But the call was from Justin.
THERE'S BAD NEWS, I'M AFRAID . . .
. . . WHEN THE BOSS AND I TURNED UP FOR WORK THIS MORNING, WE FOUND THAT OUR NEWSPAPER OFFICE HAD BEEN RANSACKED, AND THE CONTENTS OF THE SAFE, INCLUDING THE "SLAVE FOR A WEEK" MONEY, ARE MISSING!

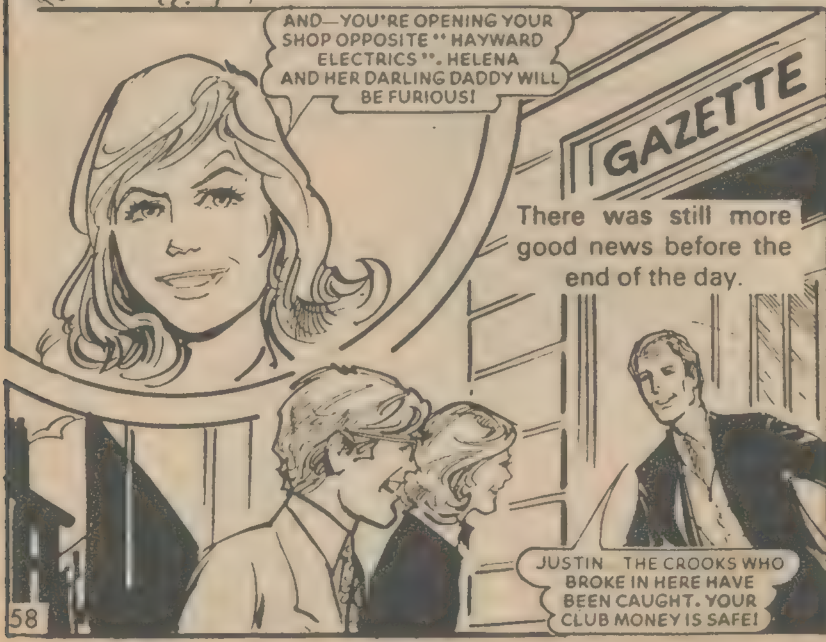

HAS ALL MY WORK BEEN FOR NOTHING, THEN? WILL WE HAVE TO GO CAP IN HAND TO MR HAYWARD, AND ASK HIM TO DO THE REPAIR WORK, AFTER ALL?
Later, at the Haywards' shop.
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE BREAK-IN AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE. HAVE YOU COME TO ASK DADDY FOR HELP?


WELL, YOU'RE TOO LATE! HE WON'T REPEAT THE OFFER NOW.
OH, HELENA – WHY EVER NOT?
BECAUSE I'M BORED WITH YOUR SILLY YOUTH CLUB, THAT'S WHY! I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE SAILFORTH YACHT CLUB INSTEAD! ISN'T THAT A PITY, PENNY DEAR?
55


At that moment, Justin came running in.
MISS HEMSLEY WANTS A WORD WITH YOU, PENNY.
SHE'S THOUGHT UP ANOTHER LITTLE JOB SHE WANTS ME TO DO, I SUPPOSE? OH DEAR I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'VE GOT THE HEART FOR IT RIGHT NOW.
STILL, IT'S NOT HER FAULT THAT WE'RE ENDING THE WEEK AS BROKE AS WE STARTED, IS IT?
OF COURSE IT ISN'T C'MON, LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT JOB SHE HAS IN MIND.


But Miss Hemsley had no task for Penny. Instead—
I WANT YOU TO MEET MY NEPHEW, MARK. I'VE BEEN TELLING HIM ALL ABOUT YOUR SLAVE FOR A WEEK IDEA, PENNY DEAR, AND HOW MUCH BETTER AND BRIGHTER IT'S MADE ME FEEL.
AND I'VE GOT A SUGGESTION TO MAKE! I WANT TO DONATE A COMPLETE NEW SET OF DISCO EQUIPMENT TO THE YORICKTOWN YOUTH CLUB, AS A THANK YOU PRESENT FOR THE HELP YOU'VE GIVEN TO MY FAVOURITE AUNTIE.
THAT'S MOST GENEROUS OF YOU. THE EQUIPMENT IS VERY EXPENSIVE. I DON'T THINK YOU QUITE REALISE –
HAH! OF COURSE, I REALISE!


IN FACT, I'M IN THAT LINE OF BUSINESS MYSELF. HERE'S MY CARD. I'M OPENING A SHOP CALLED " ELECTRICS FOR LEISURE ", IN YORICKTOWN.


AND—YOU'RE OPENING YOUR SHOP OPPOSITE " HAYWARD ELECTRICS ". HELENA AND HER DARLING DADDY WILL BE FURIOUS!
GAZETTE
There was still more good news before the end of the day.
JUSTIN THE CROOKS WHO BROKE IN HERE HAVE BEEN CAUGHT. YOUR CLUB MONEY IS SAFE!


THEN, SINCE WE DON'T NEED THE CASH TO REPAIR THE DISCO EQUIPMENT, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SPEND THE LOT ON THE BIGGEST PARTY THE YORICKTOWN YOUTH CLUB HAS EVER HAD! WHEEEEE!
The Youth Club was specially decorated for the occasion—


—and a special procession was organised through the town. Mrs Molton and Helena's father were amongst the spectators.
I LOANED PENNY'S YOUNGSTERS THE HORSES FROM MY STABLES, SO THAT THEY COULD PUT ON THIS SHOW, YOU KNOW. I THOUGHT IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO. THEY'VE WORKED SO HARD TO CHEER THIS SLEEPY OLD TOWN UP LATELY.


HUH—THEY HAVEN'T CHEERED ME UP! SINCE THAT CHEEKY YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER HEMSLEY SET UP IN OPPOSITION TO ME, I'VE HAD NOTHING TO SMILE ABOUT!
AND WHAT'S MORE ALL MY PLANS TO TAKE OVER THE YOUTH CLUB HALL FOR BINGO ARE RUINED NOW! GRR!



Helena appered from her father's shop.




At the Youth Club party, Mark Hemsley was amongst the guests
I'VE SWITCHED ON THE SOUND – NOW I'M CLAIMING THE FIRST DANCE WITH THE YOUNG LADY WHO MADE THIS EVENING POSSIBLE!
O.K. MR HEMSLEY— BUT THE NEXT DANCE IS MINE!


But a few minutes later, Justin's boss interrupted the proceedings.
JUST A MINUTE, FOLKS— STOP THE MUSIC.
I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS SPEECH AS SHORT AS POSSIBLE, BUT I WANT YOU ALL TO HEAR IT.



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—and fifteen-year-old Penny's great ambition is to win them all!

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